



VOLUME 1
NUMBER 2
DECEMBER 1994

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*cover
story*

Are you
satisfied?

going down, getting
down, and doing it

interview

Sex Workers Resist!

art

Canada Customs vs.
Tom of Finland

film

Galactic Divas

music

cds, 7", live

comics

Feature: Siris

city

Big Brother



*Nice
&
Naughty*

and more...

Le Petit Musée de Velasquez

Little Museum



avec / featuring **LaLaLa Human Steps**
Louise Lecavalier, Markita Boies

un film écrit et réalisé par / a film written and directed by **Bernar Hébert**
chorégraphie / choreography **Édouard Lock** produit par / produced by **Michel Ouellette / Ciné Qua Non Films**

CINÉMA DE PARIS

December 9 to 18

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OOPS.
In the November 16, 1994 issue, we
made a mistake. We said that the *Art*
and War piece was written by Andrea
Popadic and Daniella Jovanovic.
Actually, it was written by **Alexandra**
Popadic and Daniella Jovanovic.
Photos were by Vinnie. Sorry.

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(Baltimore, Fever Buzz)

Mini Mono

(MTL, Trance 5000)

Osheen

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Entity

(Baltimore, Ultraworld)

Bleu

(Wash, John G Productions)

Side B

Jordan Dare

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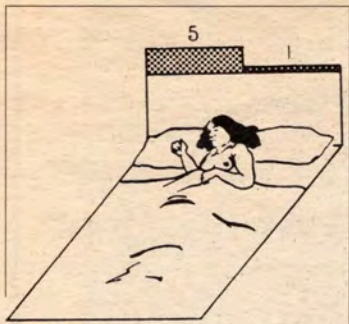
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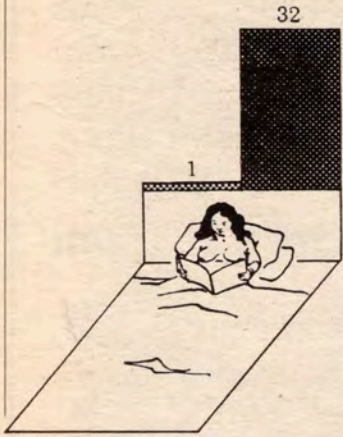
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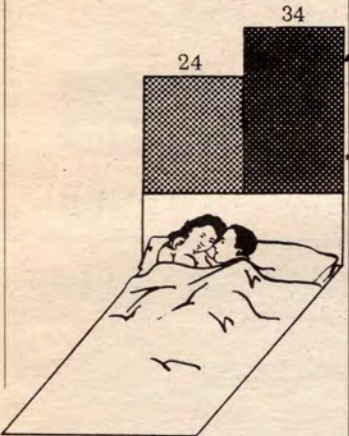
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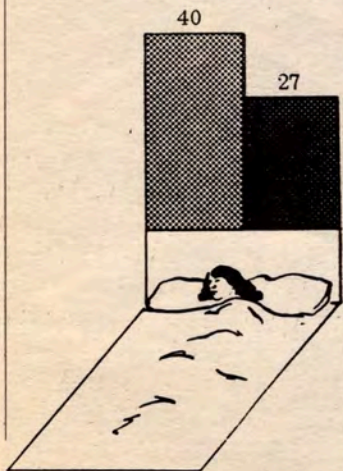
Dreams



Psycho-sexual stimuli



Petting



Masturbation

by

Cathleen Skidmore

Are you bored with all of this theorizing about sex? Tired of hearing about the future of sex? Everybody has a lot to say about sex and where it's going. But how are we cumming? If media reports are any real indication of the future of sexuality, we have nothing more to look forward to than lying with some techno toy or a human pin cushion. Curious as to whether these predictions accurately reflect the kind of sex the young and trendy are really having (or fantasizing about), I decided to conduct a sex survey of my own. Most of the people I approached were very frank about their desires and practices. The results can best be described under some general headings.

THE UNCHARTERED ASS

The anal attentive are slowly growing among heterosexuals. From the finger to the strap-on, straight men are finally experimenting with man's great erogeous zone. Gay men have celebrated it for years. Some even wrote poetry about it. But whether a homophobic threat or simply overlooked most straight men avoid anal pleasure. That's not to say that they don't perform anal intercourse given the opportunity. The men surveyed have a great taboo-like, naughty interest in it but many guard their own butts like Fort Knox. Suzie Bright aka Suzie Sexpert reports a growing number of straight-couple wives purchasing strap-on dildos for marital sex at Good Vibrations (a boutique in San Francisco).

FINGER ON THE TRIGGER

Enjoying dildos is apparently very common. There is, however, a reticence, mainly among straight women, to experiment with powerful and sophisticated techno toys. There seems to be some concern that given the right machine (one that doesn't burp, fart or snore), the effort to pursue men for sex would be redundant. In this city, the fear of a blackout just before that crucial moment of elation seems more realistic. No finger or tongue could ever hope to maintain electric speeds. Machines should be regarded as enhancers not replacements. There's just no viable means of coercing a machine to bring you breakfast in bed.

IRRATIONAL HARD-ONS

The new "sensitive" (hetero) male is slightly miffed over the mechanics of his maleness. In an effort to abandon all Neanderthal reactions, he denies himself pleasure in the visual landscape of sexuality all around him. He feels guilty when the blood rushes from his brain into his dick at the sight of a colleague's cleavage. It's safe to assume that most females are not looking to be knocked over the head and dragged into a cave (or a stock room) but to notice a woman's attributes is not in itself abusive. To rationally attempt to avoid any sexual objectification is like going on a diet. All you think about is food. There is nothing terribly rational about sexual attraction. Rationale should be left to the appropriate action. Maybe the men who worry so much about their natural irrationality should just wear baggier pants.

Going d

THRILL KILL

A focus on rationality is what turned-off most of the surveyed about fetish sex. They saw fetish sex as a mentally addictive, potentially dangerous form of thrill seeking. You trip on the clothes, the words or the pain but not on the person. That fetish sex could only lead to wanting more fetish or SM sex. The same logic seems to be at work here that sent threats to all pot smokers that they would inevitably end up shooting heroin. The positive side of experimentation is finding out what you really want out of sex and how you want it.



Photo by Alex

cover story

ARE YOU

ODORAMA

E

verybody agrees that smell is a huge factor in sexual attraction. Most prefer fake smells to authentic ones. Gone are the days when Napoleon, soon to arrive home, sent word to Josephine with a plea that she not bathe. In lieu of all the "realness" everyone seems to want, they don't want to know nothin' about your arm pits.

A CHOCOLATE ON THE PILLOW

T

he food metaphor gets a lot of mileage when people talk about the kind of sex they want. Likened to the nourishing meal, they want sex to fill them up. Fetish sex and sex with a stranger is described as a bon bon, a rush but ultimately not filling. One respondent even went so far as to say that fetish sex wasn't even like a candy but only the dream of sucking on one, creating an even further distance from the self. It is described by many as sex without risk. Not only is the fear of STD's often alleviated but there is no rejection or unreciprocated love. One night stands are seen as a rational treatment for the symptom of hominess. Sex is used as a means to escape personal pain and boredom but the effects are only temporary. As one guy puts it, "Once you cum, you go."

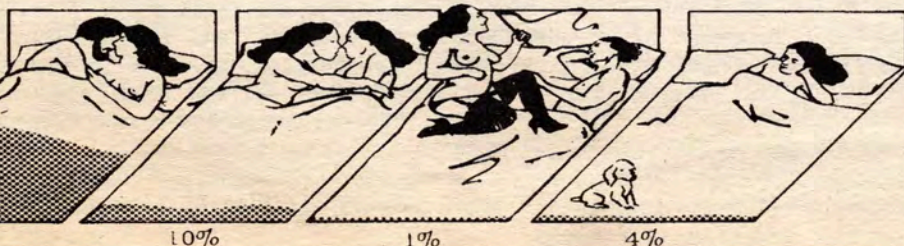
THE REAL MEAL

W

hen asked if sex is better when you're in love with your partner, the majority said yes. The most eloquent of the answers, "Duh". The backbone of that belief is trust. Trust, most believe, can only be developed over time. It is the necessary precursor to love. Whether it is a trust between people with tamer interests or the trust between SM partners everyone agrees that it is the one necessary ingredient that makes sex a real meal. What can we conclude from all of this? People love talking about sex, hearing about sex (writing about sex), but mainly, at least among the trendy club goers surveyed, are not engaged in the kind of sex they claim to want. Sex is so rarely about sex. We drive at top speed on the highway with the blind trust that everyone will obey road rules but we have a hard time trusting the people we have sex with. The majority of the people surveyed described their desires without hesitation. If we know what we want, why aren't we satisfied?

own, Getting down and Doing it
SATISFIED?

Heterosexual Homosexual Sado-masochistic Bestial



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music

THE EVOLUTION OF SKA

Me, Mom and Morgentaller

Rialto, Dec. 3

Fabco Productions

The Specials

Metropolis Dec. 6,

Greenland Productions/District 6

It is said that ska is a stage that you go through when you're sixteen and give up because your parents are happy your wearing a suit. Ska is a monotonous cracker interpretation of Jamaican reggae that sounds good for about three songs until you realize it's the same riff.

Not so, ska has changed and Me, Mom and Morgentaller's Dec. 3 show was an impressive example of the evolution of ska. For example when Noah, the accordion player (hailing from Ottawa's the skatterbrains) broke into rap I was relieved to hear his Operation Ivesque style come out authentic and original.

live

Other experimentations were equally successful. They did some fly

funky tunes and some spanish stuff, even some hardcore sections and it always sounded tight.

The Dec. 6 show they played with The Specials was just as impressive though I was a little disappointed to hear the EXACT same set list and hear the EXACT same introductions to each song.

The Specials are the kings of ska and it was a relief to finally see all those 2-tone classics, but it was also a bit sad. They must be hitting 40 by now and the entire set list was from 1979. Not to mention the singer/front man looks like a sodding Ted!! (fu'in wankah!). Me Mom's classy, new school sound was far more inspiring and musical.

My prediction is, the kids are going to wash their grungy jeans and all punk revivals will get smothered by the ska revival with Me, Mom and Morgentaller leading the way on a tidal wave of money... Or maybe not.

Gavin McInnes

PUNK, OR NOT?

Green Day, Die Toten Hosen, Pansy Division

Verdun Auditorium, November 30

Greenland Productions/DKD

5600 people freaked out, that's all.



Photo by Gavin



Black Moon, Technical Sense, Southsider

Rialto Theatre, Nov. 26

THC Productions

On Saturday Nov. 26, one of the more memorable hip hop shows in my two year Montreal history took place. The Rialto theatre was reasonably filled with roughly three-hundred and fifty hip hop heads.

Local opening acts Technical Sense and Southside were fairly decent, and must receive specific mentions for proving that there is talent in Montreal.

It's been the greater part of two-years since Black Moon dropped the first single "Who got the props". This single, along with their debut project "Enta da stage" has kept them in the underground limelight of NYC.

To the great appreciation of the crowd there was minimal delay in Black Moon's appearance and Buck Shot, with the help of Evil Dee and Helter Skelter went on to produce a good show.

The show included renditions of 'How Many MC'S', 'I Gotcha Opin' and 'Buck em down', all bonafide sub-terranean hits of the hip hop scene. Buckshot provided the real heads with endless freestyle intervals and Evil Dee unexpectedly played some yet to be released studio-material.

It was a great show with a chill hip hop atmosphere, and the kind of thing Montreal needs more of.

- Manchilde

Prince, *The Black Album* (Warner)
 Prince has released so much material since his '79 debut, that a new album by the purple one has almost become a non-event. Almost. *The Black Album* is either the result of dark madness or enlightened

marketing. Originally scheduled for release around '87, his royal highness pulled the plug on the project at the last minute, creating one hell of a bootleg frenzy. Commercially released until January '95, symbol man finally decided to let the masses hear what

the fuss was all about. And it's all about a party. Tracks like "Cindy C." "Le Grind", and "Dead On It", crash and flow into each other for 45 minutes of what still makes Prince one of the best funksters around. No matter what he calls himself. **Gerard Dee**

Palace Songs



Palace Bros. *Hope*

(Drag City/Cargo)
 If you've just been dumped, have a head crushing hangover, lost your dog, or simply enjoy the sparse and stoic sounds of old style backwoods folk, the Palace Bros. will satisfy. The simple and understated music (acoustic guitar, piano, bass, drums) layered with the pained and shaky twangs of Push's ramblings are decidedly melancholic and sometimes haunting. But it's more than that, don't let it's simplicity deceive you. These Kentucky boys write solid songs. They're raw, intense, and wise with a healthy dose of compassion thrown in to reassure. If the 'folk music' label leaves you cold, don't worry, it's very contemporary in its own way. More than once I was reminded of Jerry Garcia or Neil Young during their mellower moments. It's good, honest music. Try it. **Eric DiGras**

Small - *Chin Music*

(Alias/Cargo)
 (1) Label mates with Archer's of Loaf and share Eric Bachman as guitarist. (2) Album is O.K. (3) The title track "Mona Skips Breakfast" is instantly catchy, in fact almost too catchy. (4) During the album the listener may end up screaming "hurray for everything"; yet the middle class North American's angst rating is high. (5) If you've ever broken up with someone in grade eight and your parents wouldn't let you go to the mall, then sing along. (6) In fact, let's all sing along **Derek Beckles**

Howard North *Song #8/Seventy+Gin*

Breeding 7" (Purderous Maginal/ Coin-op)

Have you been feeling down since the Blues Explosion /American Devices/Howard North show was postponed? Well brighten up, sucka, cause Montreal's own crackhead connection, Howard North, have a new 7" out that'll put the sparkle back in your step. This boss cocktail is fuelled with hatred, creating some spicy yet vague cajun gumbo inspired (I guess) by San Diego's fucked-up scene (Truman's Water, drive like Jehu), a touch of that D.C. art-core thang, and even some hard-core roots. Subtle forms of insanity with a "Disco Beat" make this new 3-song release a veritable dandy, so get a clue!

Adam Gollner

VOICE X-MAS GIFTS!

Completely Free, Monster Voodoo Machine C.D'S and sweatshirts will be given away to the first 20 callers on Nov. 19th at noon (842-5867)

Monster Voodoo Machine *Suffer System*

(RCA/BMG)
 When Ministry met Soundgarden in Toronto, they conceived a baby to the love songs of Nine Inch Nails. That baby grew up to be Monster Voodoo Machine spawning their full length CD, *Suffer System*, under surrogate parents, BMG. Canada's answer to the aforementioned bands has many catchy guitar riffs, with some distortion laden solos. The lyrics make you wonder what living in Toronto must really be like. On "Temple", vocalist Adam "Doom" Sewell asks "where the hell is this?", answering "this is hell". I see many ex-patriots of Foulfoules dancing to this saying the same thing as the Montreal winter sets in. With artwork by Pushead for instant credibility and an inlay that says it all, it's an "Eight Ball Caffeine Drag Race. 100% HARD-CORE VOOODOO."

Kerry Harmer



Various Artist *Hotter than Congo*

B.A.M. Records' *Hotter than Congo* release is a diverse mixture of reggae styles that have been assembled for the listeners enjoyment. The compilation is a mixture of Roots, Dance Hall, Lovers, and Old-time. Depending upon your tastes your favorite tracks may vary but all tracks are faithful to their styles. If your only response after the word "reggae" is "Bob Marley" then you have a lot to learn and this is an excellent place to start. Most importantly it showcases some of Montreal's more talented musicians that we rarely get to hear on major Canadian radio.

Perhaps it's because Brian Adams isn't involved. Praise Jah for that.

Derek Beckles

A Tribe Called Quest *Revised Quest for the Seasoned Traveller*

(Jive/BMG)
 This "greatest hits" package features A Tribe called Quest's most popular tunes, remixed. However, if it ain't broke, don't fix it. Why change a good thing? The original songs are good things. These tracks of inane noodling are not such good things. The title suggests that the listener who is well familiar with the band will be in for a fine audio feast, as they will have a point of reference from which to draw. I just don't know about that. Knowing how fine the original tracks are, made these re-mixes fairly annoying. "I left my wallet in El Segundo" just doesn't work for me when it's being smothered in a 400lb duvet of clichéd, amateurish Reggae overdubs. You wanna hear A.T.C.Q.? Stick to the originals. **Keith Marchand**

Portishead *Dummy* (Go Beat/Polygram)

Internationally hailed as London's hippest new export, Portishead's debut *Dummy* is reminiscent of fellow Brits *Massive Attack*'s early output; dub/soul concoctions replete with unhurried phatness and emotional drop-outs. Their is a much edgier assault on hip-hop, "trip-hop" as its been branded, the most haunting aspect of which is the frail soulfulness of lead vocalist Beth Gibbons. Whereas *Massive Attack* is cool and collected, *Portishead* is disheveled. Gibbons pours forth with lyrics that are unprotected, nervous and lonely: "No body

loves me, its true... can't get something for nothing, got to try a little harder". More intense than any experience we everyday folk are likely to live, *Dummy* provides you with ample reason to brood. **Gen. K. Vetch**

COMICS

HERE'S THE PARTY WHERE MAGIC BOY FALLS IN LOVE, YEARS LATER



Want some acid?



James Kochalka *Superstar* By James Kochalka self-published

At first glance Vermonter James Kochalka's simple artwork and generic-looking protagonist turned me off, but as I read through this mini-comic discovered that there was more lurking beneath the surface.

Is this autobiographical? Does it matter? I found myself drawn into the main story's themes of the death of a loved one, childhood bullies and impotent thoughts of revenge, and guilt. There's a sequence about losing touch with reality when swimming that was mesmerizing. The other three single pieces didn't do much for me. Even though this mini is a bit pricey for its size, it's definitely worth checking out.

Jamie Solomon

J.K.S. IS AT; p.o. box 8321, Burlington, VT. U.S.A. 05402

Sonic Youth *E.V.O.L.* (DGC/MCA) *Sister* (DGC/MCA)

Everybody has their own era of preference when it comes to Sonic Youth, but 1986's *E.V.O.L.* and 1987's *Sister* are the definitive kaleidoscopes into the band's prowess at post-Beat stream of consciousness, violent pop mastery, and panicking full-on dementia. These two reissues (hey, SST had to recoup somehow from the Negativland/U2 fiasco) are updated with new liner notes from writers Lisa Suckdog and Dennis Cooper, but otherwise all ample tunage is recaptured here in slabs. Analog soul, hip-shake swing, expressways to yr skull.. "Star Power", "Secret Girl", "Schizophrenia", "Pipeline/Kill Time"...aahh, the stuff of dreams made real. As Lee Renaldo puts it during "In the Kingdom #19": "...smoke and flames...alright!"

Arm yourself: these are necessary discs in the face of destruction. **Twister Extraordinaire**

Apna Sangeet *Mister Blaster*

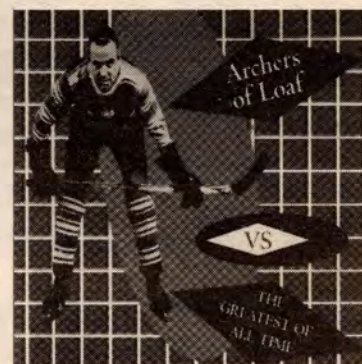
(Roma Music Bank)
 In order to keep up with the times and also since musicians are running out of creative and new ideas, there has been a trend which combines a set of traditional lyrics and modern music that has been arising from the so-called bhangra scene. The guys from Apna Sangeet are back with this trend alive and kicking to continue their new found success with their Blasters series. This year's

album, which is entitled *Mister Blaster*, is a typical compilation of music that can be expected from the Blaster series of bhangra albums, particularly, the careful knot that keeps both the traditionalists and modernists content. And when you hear the tracks Desi Boliyan (traditional) and UK Boliyan (modern), it is a sure bet that you'll get up and do that famous dance that everyone calls BHANGRA!

Mandip Panesar

Archers of Loaf *Archers of Loaf V.S. The Greatest of All Time* (Alias/Cargo)

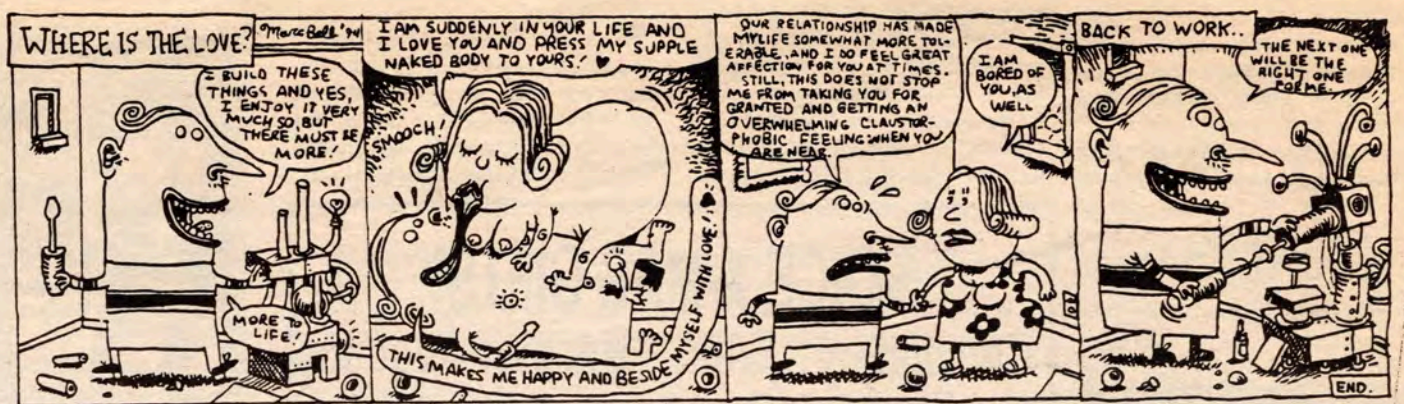
It would be nice to be able to suggest that this EP follow up to the album *Icky Mettle* is excellent and it is. The Lowest Part is Free and Freezing Point go down smooth not unlike a day dream about winning the lottery. Get it for someone you like or for yourself if you like you. **Derek Beckles**



Exit-13 *Ethos Musik* (Relapse/Cargo)

The sing-along album of the year for these who like to hiss, gargle and spit, *Ethos Musik* utterly transcends the metal genres in which Exit-13 are invariably pegged. Sure, the dynamics and machinery are classic grindcore, but unlike most of the competition, Exit-13 mix things up to include heavy, ugly slow bits, jazzy segues and acoustic respites. Best of all, the stereotypical, idiotic lyrics that plague metal are nowhere to be found. Instead, Exit-13 focus on the ecosystem, vegetarianism and the beloved herb. Amazing between-song samples brilliantly compliment killer tracks like Open Season (The story of Hunter Slaughter) and the reworked Societality Provoked Genocidal Contemplation. A must. **dicKbird**

review



MARC BELL



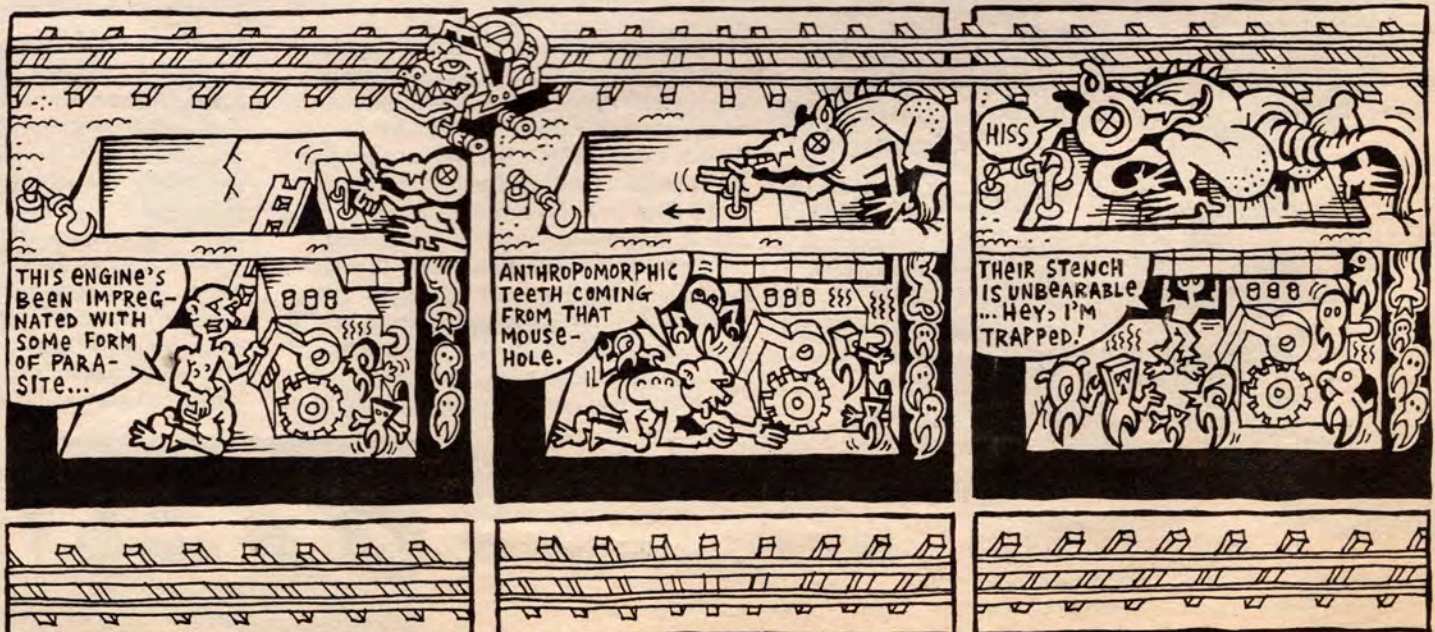
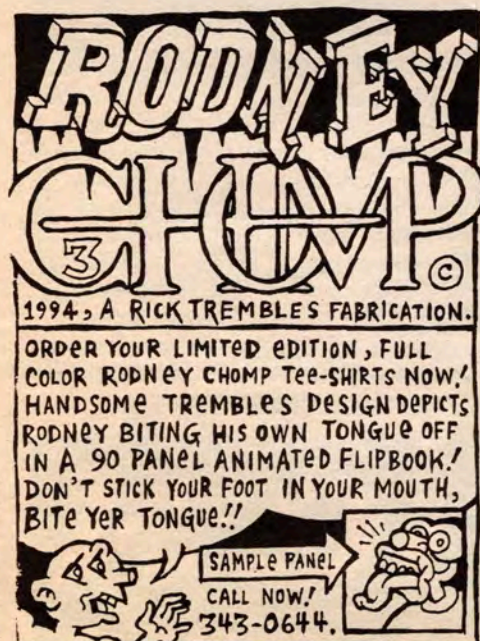
SIRIS



ANDRES MUSTA



GAVIN MCINNES



RICK TREMBLES

The following is an interview with Clair Thiboutot, Assistant of sexology at UQAM and one of the founding members of the Association Québécoise des Travailleuses (eurs) du sexe. The AQTS is a political and support group, an organization of sex workers and sex

sex workers resist

By Gavin McInnes

workers' rights advocates, dedicated to the decriminalization of prostitution and all sex works.

What do you think of the situation in Amsterdam?

The situation is funny in Amsterdam because everybody thinks it's completely decriminalized but it's only tolerated. It's like drugs, they are criminalized but the police won't bother if you sell a little bit. They are only concerned with the big traffickers. Similarly they tolerate prostitution in the red light district and only bother those outside of it.

Would that be your ideal for Montreal?

No, because the problem they have there is, when they are hired at a club as say, a prostitute, they aren't given the right to refuse customers nor decide whether or not to use a condom. They'll often have to work 12 hours in a row. This is also a big complaint in Germany. They call them Eros centers and yeah, it's legalized, but they work a lot of hours and they often have no say in what kind of sexual acts they're going to perform.

What's unique about Montreal's sex industry?

Well, like every city, there's all kinds of different levels and different classes of sex work. Within "sex work" you can talk about prostitution, you can talk about nude dancing, you can talk about peep shows, phone sex, porn and so on. Strip joints in Quebec were the first to have table dancing. Now you have it in Ontario and out east but I remember all the college boys from Boston going crazy in Montreal because they weren't used to that.

Is there animosity between the different levels of sex work?

The sex industry is organized like society in general. You have certain classes that don't talk to each other. There is a big gap between the street workers and the escorts. There's also racial tensions. Part of our goal is to bridge the gaps between these people. It's difficult you know, just like unifying people in any society.

What's your goal within the next few years?

We would like to see all kinds of sex work decriminalized so women have the choice to do what they want to do. Prostitutes could go to the police if they were in trouble, if they were raped for example. Now you

have a situation where, if a worker goes to the police she is going to get arrested because she has ten tickets unpaid or he's going to say "you're a whore anyways, so who needs you".

How long have you been around?

We started about 2 years ago. I was giving a lecture at the "Jeune de la rue" conference and

Now you have a situation where, if a worker goes to the police she is going to get arrested because she has ten tickets unpaid or he's going to say "you're a whore anyways, so who needs you".

the co-founder of the ICPR (International Committee for Prostitutes Rights) from Amsterdam approached me. We decided to create the AQTS and selectively singled out some other sex workers from the crowd to join our group. At the beginning we were 7, six women and a transsexual and we wrote a charter for ourselves incorporating the World Charter of Prostitutes Rights (Pheterson, Gail 1989 "A vindication of the rights of whores" Seal Press). We're also trying to organize a drop-in centre for prostitutes called STELLA with some other organizations (CACTUS needle exchange, Concordia University) but it's very difficult because of the bureaucracy. It's taking a lot of time and women are getting discouraged. We have been given funding under the title of AIDS prevention but we can only use the money for wages. We can't rent a place or even buy a second hand couch because the only money we've been given is for payrolls and materials for AIDS prevention. We're going to have to try to get private funding. I think this project can make or break the AQTS because it would be a place where the women can decide what their needs are and do it, you know, get organized.

Does decriminalization mean the end of the pimps?

Well, no. The women would choose their business partners. As long as you give money to

someone, whether you want to help that person or that person wants you to prostitute yourself, he's a pimp. Like, if I'm doing sex work and I'm living with my lover and my lover is, for a certain period of time, unemployed I might want to help out with the rent or the bills. That would make my lover a pimp meanwhile all we're trying to do is survive.

If you live off the avails of prostitution you will be persecuted by the law as a pimp. There's even a lot of cases where the police

women are saying is: let us decide what we want as a relationship. I'm not denying the existence of pimping, I'm saying we would not need that kind of protection if we were allowed to do what we want in safety and without stigmatization.

I understand that, though you want to see sex work decriminalized, you don't want to see it legalized.

That's right. The problems we talked about earlier in Germany and Amsterdam come from legalization. People think it helps AIDS and STD prevention because it forces the girl to get checked every two weeks but, if you think about it, the only way to prevent those things is to use a condom. You need to have pro-

\$115 dollar ticket almost every night for loitering. If the police don't like your face or your drunk or there's some big event going on your'e much more likely to get a ticket.

What about the "Shame the Johns" campaign?

Those scare the hell out of the Johns. All it does is increase the stigma and force the girls more underground. It becomes very difficult to make money so they have to stay out much longer, in really dangerous areas and risk more fines. This is why

prostitution is spread all over the city now. It wasn't like this ten years ago. It was downtown, on St Laurent. You had the red light and that was it. Women could stay inside and it was tolerated. But now, with the solicitation act that was passed in Dec' 85 the police are allowed to put more pressure on them. They use it but they don't show they use it. Most of the charges are laid under other names like loitering, municipal laws, so you can't really argue with them. Prostitution has gotten much more dangerous in the past ten years. The number of prostitutes has increased in fact, the whole sex industry has become huge but it's a lot more dangerous for them. If you're a prostitute and your stressed out because a cop is behind you, your going to jump into the nearest car. You don't get to see if he's drunk, or if he seems all right. Anything can happen.

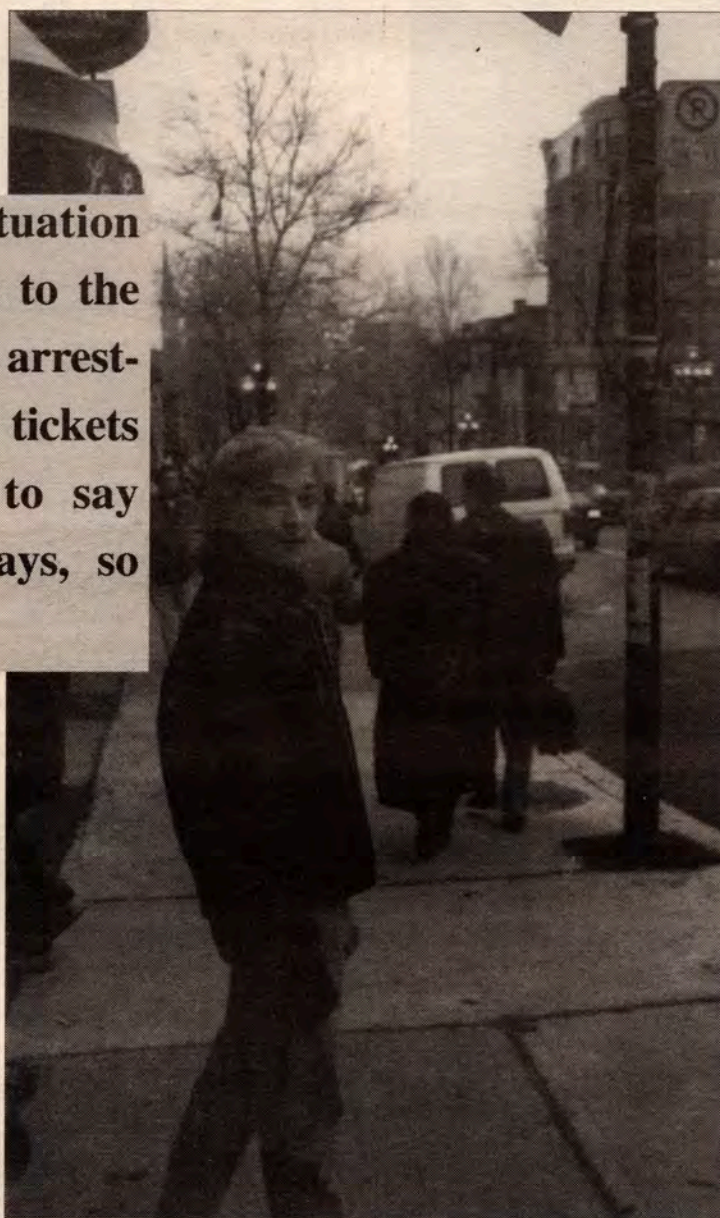
Before the police pressured the girls around UQAM and St. Catherine they were working together. It was safer. You would have one checking the license plate while another got in the car. If an hour passed and she wasn't back, they would know something was wrong. It's simply much safer to be together.

Sex workers interested in contacting the AQTS can reach them at:

C.P. 5028, succ. C, Montréal,

Qc, H2X 3M2

(1-514-844-0287).



will arrest the lover and not the real pimp.

We can't even organize without persecution. If three women got together and said "o.k. let's open a place just for us and share the income and share the administration" the police would close them down and charge them with pimping. The pimps aren't really our enemies. I haven't got a problem with a man making money off prostitution. There is obviously inequality and it has to be changed but it's just like the rest of society. Of course we are against violence and we are against exploitation. Of course we want the women to be empowered with what they do. If there is a situation where the man has two or three girls and abuses them you have to look at it as a specific case. You know, is it conjugal violence what is it? What the

tection for each sexual act not the odd test here and there. Managers get away with not letting the girls wear condoms because people think testing is enough. It's not safe for the prostitute and it's not safe for the customer. You have state officials conducting these tests. Some women call it instrumental rape by the state. Women need the right to choose their clinic, their doctor.

Would you declare yourself as a business?

There's a lot of women who don't because of the stigmatization. I don't myself but I know women who do. I have a friend who writes out her name and lists prostitution as her job. She fills out her income tax, declares what she owes and pays it. A lot of women don't do it because they already pay a huge amount of taxes in the form of tickets. A

interview

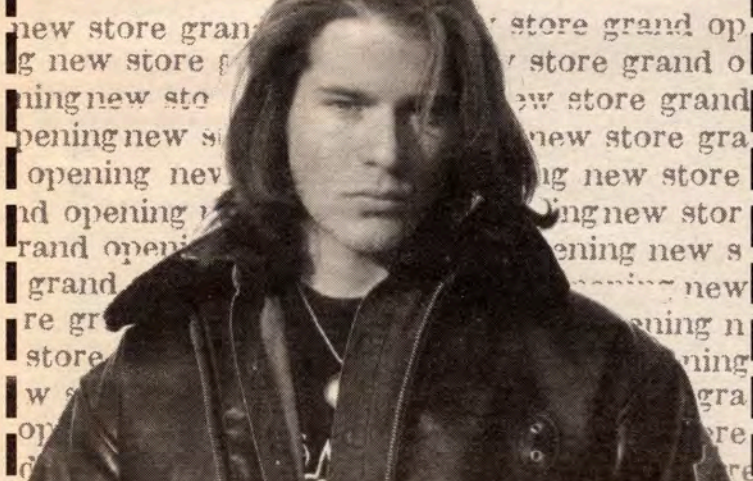
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In light of the new movie *Star Trek: Generations*, I thought it would be a good opportunity to take a look at women in Star Trek. Here is the chance to portray a bold brave new world on screen, a universe where our civilization has advanced and is more civilized. Gene Roddenberry's beautiful futuristic vision, a place where humans and aliens exist side by side. No one can deny the importance of Star Trek. Even Martin Luther King Jr. saw it when he convinced Nichelle Nichols (Uhura) to remain on board the Enterprise because she was a role model.

Sure there's been a great change since the Original Series. Women aren't so subservient, they can wear pants, which must be more comfortable in emergency and battle situations. They don't all have to kiss-the captain. The opening monologue has changed from "where no man has gone before" to "where no one has gone before" but, despite these cosmetic changes, the women in Star Trek still seem a little anemic.

Today, Star Trek is pretty much a staple of Pop Culture. It's the bread and butter rations of sci-fi. Even those people who don't like science fiction, and apparently there are some who don't, Star Trek they have seen. There's a delightful menu of choices, The Original Series (TOS) The Next Generation (TNG) Deep Space 9 (DS9) and a plethora of films; 7 to date. (Yay!) Some people like this one better than that one, or are more faithful to the new cast than the old and some folks just adore anything Star Trek. Star Trek has the most faithful fan base in the world. And of course it would, just look at those characters!!! You've got your Kirk and Spock, Sulu, Scotty, Bones. Then there is Picard, Worf, Riker, Data, Sisko, Quark, and Odo.

Hey... wait! Let's not forget there are women too. Uhura, Troi, Crusher, Guinan, Dax and Kira; the more prevalent women in Star Trek. Being a girl, and growing up on a diet of Star Trek, these galactic women were a little uninspiring. It seemed like the guys get to do the cooler things in Space. All the roles delegated to women are in a secondary supporting role.

In TOS episode of "Where No Man Has Gone Before" there is a strong woman played by Sally Kellerman. This episode is the pilot after the pilot, the very birth of Star Trek. The costumes are not set. Women are wearing pants. Our beloved crew is not featured. Uhura is no where to be seen. But Sally Kellerman, playing a psychologist is a strong woman with opinions. She dares to confront and disagree with Kirk. When Lt. Mitchell, Kirk's friend is endowed with God like powers, Dr. Dana is sent in to sick bay to watch over him she says apologetically, "I know you don't like me...Women professionals do tend to overcompensate". Are these the beginnings of women's place in the Star Trek's universe? The other woman in the episode actually holds Lt. Mitchell's hand during the battle scene! But fair is fair, things changed as the show progressed. The mini-skirts came but so did Uhura and at least she was always on the bridge, she was intelligent and respected. No one can deny that.

However, even in TNG the bridge remains a boy spot. This most beloved crew had some very amazing women, Worf's wife, K'Ehleyr, the one who died. And Tasha Yar, who also died. And Ensign Seito, who died. And Ensign Roe, who left and joined the Maquis. Now these women weren't necessarily signed off to the permanent background on purpose. But with such strong characters, why didn't the Next Generation take the ball and pass it to Deanna Troi and Beverly Crusher? Episodes centered around these women generally deal with love and relationships and not

galactic divas women in, star trek

-by cecil seaskull

even in command during one episode. But still, they have their place and its rarely in command roles.

There is a definite progression though. Deep Space Nine (DS9) has two very prominent women on board. They are problem solvers, in command and making tough choices in the heat of the action, Majors Kira and Dax. Kira is tough and can take care of herself, a rebel and a survivor. Capucine Plourde of KIDC (Klingon Imperial Diplomatic Corps) says, "I like Kira, she's a neat ballsy woman, she has lots of guts. It's a shame she falls into this thing where she's a bitch because she's had a hard life."

Why does she always need to be put into gauzy dresses and softening shots? Perhaps there is a fear to portray toughness without a strong counter balance of femininity. But really, this need to excuse

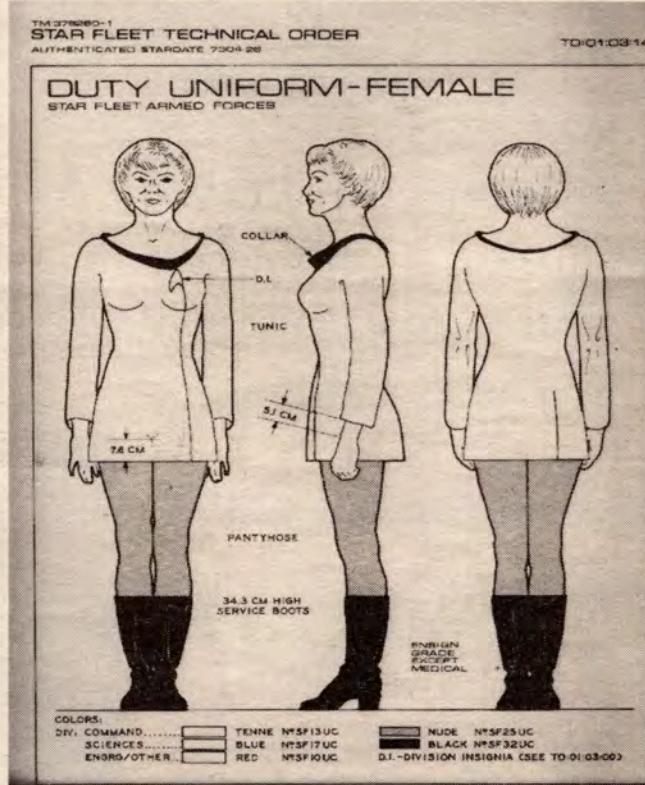
I like Kira, she's a neat ballsy woman, she has lots of guts. Its a shame she falls into this thing where she's a bitch because she's had a hard life.

her toughness is unnecessary. Let her be tough! Dax, DS9's other strong woman is a bit muted by the fact that her gender is specific to the host body. Concerning Dax, Capucine Plourde continues, "She's been very much like Data."

Every chance they get, Star Trek seems careful to place women on the periphery. Most of the Admirals seem to be women in Star Fleet. *Star Trek: Generations* makes use of two familiar enemies, Lursa and B'etor, two ambitious conniving power seeking Klingon women. They are

destroyed in this film, Roddy McDowell plays them like fools. At one point these Klingons use Geordie's visor in order to find out how to destroy the Enterprise. They can see everything he sees. B'etor and Lursa gathered around the screen, see Beverly Crusher fawning over Geordie in Sick Bay and comment on how repulsive and ugly looking human women are. Is this really a necessary and appropriate comment in the middle of a battle? They may be the antagonists and are trying to destroy the Enterprise, but why get rid of these two formidable enemies? I, for one, was teary eyed when they died. One of the marvels of the Star Trek Universe is the familiarity of characters. We get to know them and grow to love them. The problem with women in Star Trek is that once we find a cool one, she seems to be shipped off somewhere else or killed off and we never get the chance to get too close.

So, with bated breath I await the coming of Star Trek Voyager in January 1995. At last, a woman captain will helm a ship and be the main character in this Star Trek Universe I know and love so. I hope she can be herself. I hope she survives and inspires other Galactic Divas like myself. (for information on the Klingon Imperial Diplomatic Corps contact Capucine Plourde at (514) 276-2406)



film

Canada customs: vs Tom Finland

by richard burnett

For decades Canadian governments have denounced foreign censorship, urging freedom of expression while authorizing Canada Customs to censor all imported literature deemed offensive to Canadian family values. The snickering in literary and political circles across Scandinavia, Western Europe and America has neither silenced nor shamed our politicians as Canada Customs has become a national disgrace.

More than four years after Little Sister's Book and Art Emporium filed suit against Customs in 1990, the Vancouver bookstore's case finally went to the B.C. Supreme Court last October. Little Sister's suit claims Customs' practice of detaining material before deeming it obscene violates the Charter of Rights' guarantees of freedom of expression. The suit also claims when customs officials invoke Tariff Code 9956, they violate the charter's guarantees of equality by unfairly discriminating against writers, readers and distributors of gay erotica. Customs claims it doesn't discriminate against lesbian and gay bookstores, but Customs spokesman Michel Cleroux told *The New York Times* last year, "Importers who are known to have previously imported material that falls within the confines of the Tariff Code may be subject to higher levels of scrutiny and examination."

That rule clearly applies to foreign exporters as well, because in March, 1989, the Tom of Finland *Retrospective* I had mail-ordered was seized by Customs. The book is an anthology of more than 200 finely detailed pencil drawings. Tom brought his fantasies to life in cartoon narratives, creating a rough-trade gay Utopia of amply-endowed macho men in boots, leather and denim. A *Village Voice* critic wrote in

When Tom's work emerged from the underground, the quintessential Tom of Finland type became a blueprint for '70s gay America that ultimately gave us

but I could try ordering it myself. Three months later, in May 1989, I received Canada Customs form K 27 in the mail. The Notice of Deten-

ist doing a feature on erotica, but several months later Customs refused my appeal.

The law that authorizes customs officers to seize books predates confederation. In 1840 Customs was given the power to block entry of all materials deemed by its officers to be immoral, indecent, seditious or treasonous. In the late 19th century, French novels by de Maupassant, Balzac and Emile Zola's *Nana* were barred entry. James Joyce's *Ulysses* was targeted in the 1920s, *Playboy* in the 1950s and, during the interim, Customs seized shipments of pulp magazines, books advocating birth control, communism and socialism, and novels by William Faulkner, D.H. Lawrence, Dashiell Hammett, Normand Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead*, and even *Peyton Place* by Grace Melalious in 1956.

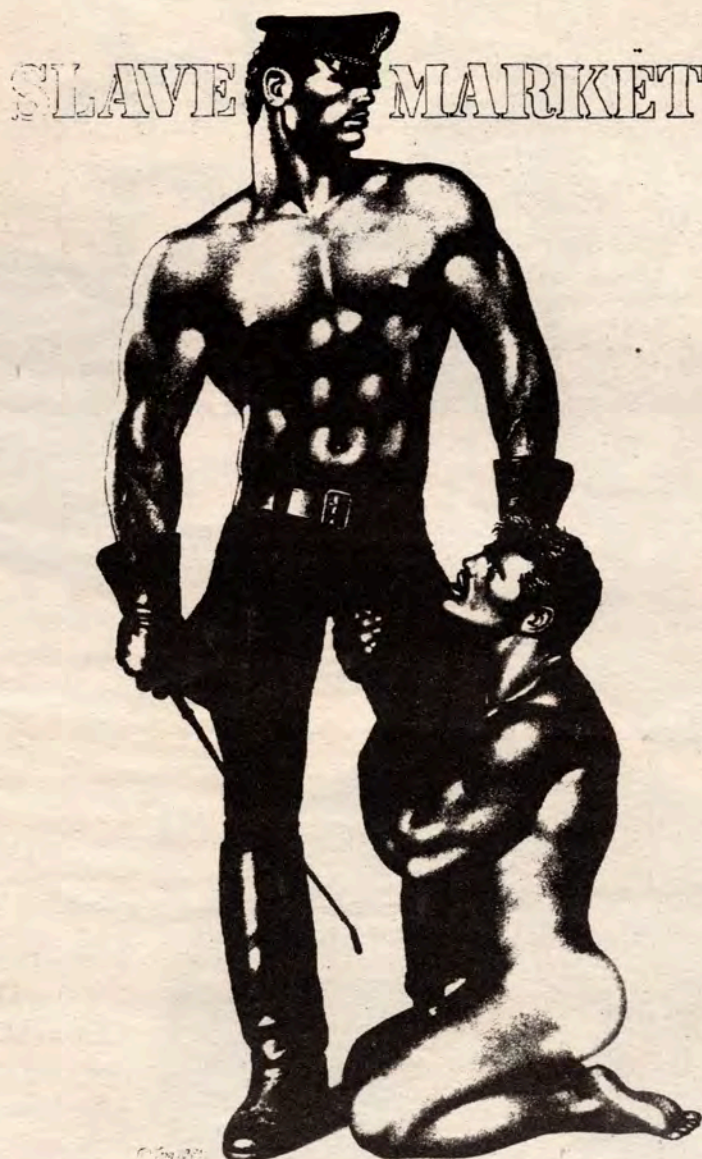
Since the 1980s, the boom in gay and lesbian-themed literature, erotica and nonfiction has paralleled Customs' increasingly diligent inspections of shipments destined for gay and lesbian bookstores. *Gay Ideas*, written by University of Minnesota professor Richard Mohr, was detained in 1993 from a shipment bound for Toronto bookstore This Ain't The Rosedale Library. The book was released three weeks later after being reviewed by customs officials. A week into the Customs trial, Little Sister's lawyer asked writer Pierre Burton how long it would take a reasonable person to determine that the book was harmless.

"It would take a reasonable person about five minutes, but for a Customs agent it would take an hour," Burton told the court. Customs officers have seized Jean Genet's *Querelle*, Oscar Wilde's *Tefeny*, Pat Califia's *Macho Sluts*, and other titles that often wind up on the store shelves of mainstream booksellers without either detention or seizure. Over the course of 150 years, thousands of books have been banned, hundreds of court cases have been waged,

and the number of customs officers has grown to 4,000. As Canadian society and its cultural touch-

stones continue to evolve, Canada Customs remains slow - and has often failed outright - to adapt while its mandate, power, and unaccountability remain unchanged.

Before mail-ordering the Tom of Finland book, I had never been blatantly discriminated against by the federal government. I was not Little Sister's or l'Androgyne, but since all of Tom of Finland's exports into Canada are targeted, I realized that my name and address too were likely to be added to a long list in Canada Customs' database. The ramifications of such censorship are awesome, which is why Little Sister's suit against Customs is pivotal. The bookstore's estimated \$200,000



in legal costs pale next to the price of gay and lesbian invisibility, and the subsequent discrimination and harassment this invisibility breeds.

Pierre Burton, June Callwood, Pat Califia, Nino Ricci and other literary stars have attracted much-needed publicity by testifying on behalf of Little Sister's, and their testimony has reignited the public debate over censorship. "If you can't find any fiction about people who are like you," Califia told presiding Justice Kenneth J. Smith, "you begin to think you're crazy. My books are an attempt to allow other women who are interested in S & M to come to terms with their sexuality."

As the case winds down, it is clear the censorship practiced by Canada Customs infringes the freedom of expression of all Canadians, ridiculing our democracy in the eyes of the world. As for Tom of Finland, I finally purchased an edition of his *Retrospective* in Britain last year, and just hoped as I walked through customs at Mirabel that I wouldn't get searched and have to argue till I was blue in the face.

the Village People.

After reading the *Voice* review, I wanted to add Tom's *Retrospective* to my library of gay history, culture and erotica. The book was not available at

tion/Determination claimed that descriptions and depictions of anal penetration were illegal, and officials had seized my mail-order purchase. (Just before Little Sister's suit went

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1989, "Long before gay liberation, Tom conjured up a place, a state of mind, where stunning supermen were not only free to love each other - they ruled."

l'Androgyne on St. Laurent. Bookstore owner Lawrence Boyle told me then that he couldn't get Tom of Finland shipments through Customs,

court, Revenue Canada issued a memorandum removing anal penetration from its guidelines.) I contested, filled in form B 2, wrote I was a freelance journal-

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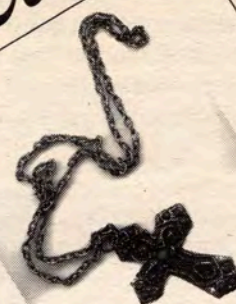
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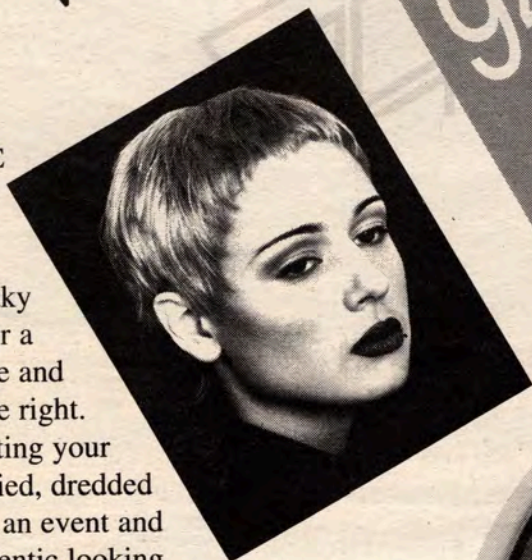


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TOP TEN PICKS

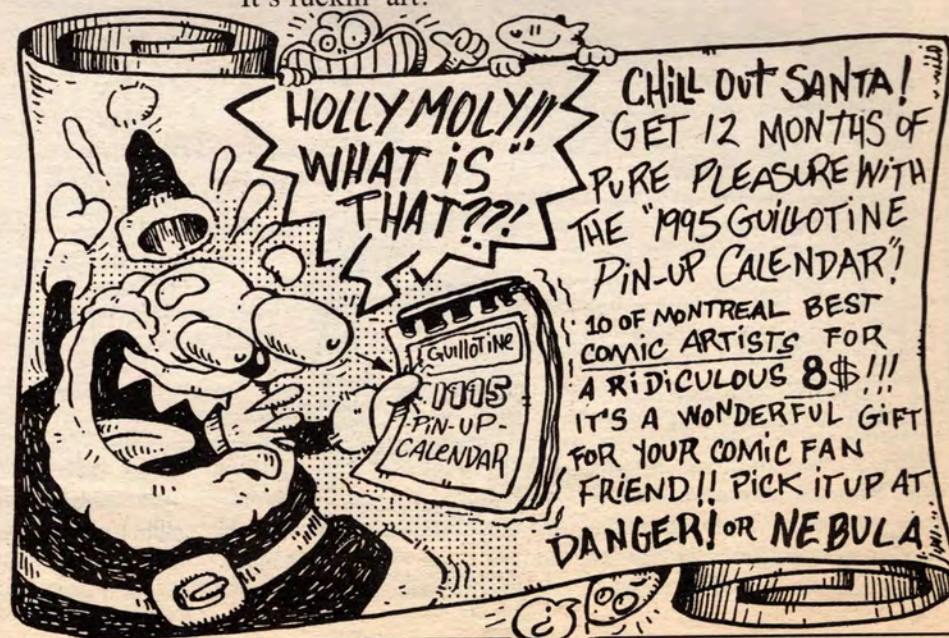
Luc from L' Oblique's top ten picks of 1994:
1)Grim Skunk-*Grim Skunk* 2)Come-Don't Ask Don't Tell 3)Jesus Lizard-*Down* 4)Codeine- *The White Birch* 5)Sebadoh-Bakesale 6) Shellac-*At Action Park* 7)Painkiller - *Execution Ground* 8)René Lussier- *Le Corps de l'ouvrage* 9)Lisa Germano-*Geek the Girl* 10)Swell-41

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ALCOHOL CITY

Is Big Brother lurking in your art gallery?

by Peter Dearman

Imagine a world, or just a city, without liquor licensing boards. Everyone would want a piece of the action. Upstart bars would soon be found on every street corner competing for your entertainment dollar. As the cost of going out for a beer drops to a new low, the social fabric would certainly evolve in strange ways, fueled by increased temptation. That lubricant of lubricants could now be sampled in all manner of new settings. Perhaps even in donut shops right under the noses of those upright and strong guardians of all that is good.

Indeed it is simple to suppose that too much juice would make us too loose. Best keep that stuff at home. Social drinking only confuses people. Now that you've thought about what we're being saved from, we can end this exercise, as the liquor licensing board is a reality in today's world. Here in Montréal, Québec's Régie des Alcools recently took a step to further protect our city from the sex, drugs and rock-n-roll menace by revoking Foufounes Électriques' liquor permit. Officials hope this will keep the creeps from congregating at the creepy-looking punk landmark.

What this is all about is keeping alcohol service out of places where it just wouldn't be right to serve alcohol. Now bars are generally okay, it makes sense to sell liquor in bars, except Foufounes of course. Is that sense of arbitrariness evident yet? Canadians are so used to regulations, we sometimes fail to notice how our social options are censored by the people we hire to protect us.

On the issue of alcohol, our homes are still sacred. You can drink at home. You can have a party too. Just don't let in strangers and sell them

beer because then you're running a bar. So what exists in that grey space between the private home party and the licensed bar?

It has been deemed acceptable in the eyes of those who matter to serve alcohol at enter-

tainment events such as plays, vernissages, and benefit concerts. Stornaway Gallery, who's slogan reads "L'art c'est l'fun," has been working hard to put a face on the vernissage-slash-benefit scene. This, despite the fact that life gets very busy for the dedicated volunteers who boldly sell beer while they promote art. Stornaway director

Patrick Gusway sees a future where he can help artists, cartoonists, and musicians who can't afford to pay their way onto a club stage, achieve greater visibility. Why? So they can make successes of themselves. Unfortunately he admits, increased visibility complicates the situation if you are serving alcohol. Stornaway has managed thus far to

appease the law by operating on a non-profit basis, and by striving to put forth a respectable public image.

Others have failed to safely navigate the regulatory grey space. Le Cri-Art Cultural Centre, which still exists in concept on Rue Queen, where industrial merges with old

delayed in the bureaucratic void. A similar fate has befallen others who have tried to make creating fun worthwhile. Studio C, once a popular party spot where you could see bands and plays, was dealt a fatal blow in the name of fire safety.

Who can be faulted for wanting their guests to feel free to drink? It seems that caution is in order when attempting to share your idea of fun with others. As the philosopher

R.D.Laing wrote, "I must play their game of not saying I see the game." Aesthetics have become crucial. Ye must not offend the guys who police you. But aesthetics have always been a shield for that powerful interest called money. Not many people can afford to open a bar. Maybe all the confusion should be ended simply by requiring all vernissages to be approved by an appointed committee operating out of a sleek office in Place Des Arts. Seriously though, try to appreciate how effectively alcohol regulation can be used by the police and others to stifle the cultural development that occurs through the party scene. Many artists simply could not get any exposure without the risky efforts of brave visionaries taking risks on galleries, cultural centres and the like. What are the fun police afraid of anyway?

PeterDearman



Montréal. Sporting pool tables, paintings and a very cool looking warehouse space fronted by small-paned bay windows, Le Cri-Art managed to provide a venue for some bands, a rave, and artists. Good times were had, but the concept did not jive with MUC police. Now the space sits unused while licensing applications are indefinitely

backshelf
scavenge

by Michael Will

One of the harder items to track down is a good camp comedy, the kind of raunchy freakshow pioneered by Paul Morrissey and John Waters back in the 70s. Lack of mass appeal is why they're so seldom made, and then as a rule by only the younger filmmakers. Who else dares be so non-commercial? Yuppies and mall rats got all the money and they want fantasy extensions of themselves, wise cracking Billy Crystals and manic Jim Carreys, not the endearing losers living on society's sleaziest peripheries. Waters himself has tampered his visions down to a near abandonment of the genre, replacing his fabulous grotesques with cutsey teens and his foul-mouthed satire with awkward slapstick, and increasingly depressing results. He can, of course, rest on his laurels with past triumphs like *Female Trouble* and *Desperate Living*, as can Morrissey with *Trash* and *Heat*. Nothing recent has measured up to those for sheer subversive hilarity, but if you're not too demanding there's a couple of fairly solid entertainments kick-

ing around.

Based on an underground play, William

Shreiner's *A Sinful Life*

(1989) features the late Anita Morris as Clair Vin Blanc, one time dancer on "The Sonny and Cher Hour" who's used the excuse of a sprained ankle to loll around her apartment (a spectacle of 70s kitsch) for the past six years, guzzling Scotch and watching Pay T.V. In her own fashion she's a loving and devoted mother to a 9-year-old Baby (played by the adult Blair Tefkin, whose shrill performance takes a bit of getting used to), whom Clair always manages to bundle off to school by noon at the latest with a nourishing lunch of raw weiners. When her teacher Mrs. Crow (Cynthia Songe, okay but the part calls for a divine of Shirley Stoler) threatens to seize custody of Baby, a chain of idiosyncrasy-fueled events ensues at Baby's birthday party (complete

with hired stripper). It is here that the sultry Teresa Tremayne

film's biggest laughs.

A somewhat rougher though perfectly complimentary double bill would be Joel Hershman's *Hold Me Thrill Me Kiss Me* (1992). It's hero is a handsome petty hoodlum (Max Parrish, a descendant of the gaudy illustrator perhaps?), who wins a gunfight at the altar with his

There he falls into a lethal
love triangle with a malicious
nymphomaniac stripper
...and her hippy-poo kid sister

crazy girlfriend (Sean Young, hardly cast against type), then flees with the money they've stolen from her rich father to hide out in the ultimate of campy milieus, a squalid trailer court. There he falls into a lethal love triangle with a malicious nymphomaniac stripper (porn star Andrea Naschak, fiercely convincing and the best actress yet to try her hand outside of the blue circuit) and her hippy-poo kid sister (Adrienne Shelly from those godforsaken

Hal Hartley piffles). The plot's even more convoluted than *A Sinful Life*'s and gets bloodier as it goes along, though the action's charmingly offset by sub plots involving the trailer court's fellow inhabitants, all weirdos. A pleasing watch, with nifty Cameos by Timothy Leary and Dianne Ladd, and lots of

good soundtrack songs by the likes of The Cramps, The B52s, The Pixies, The Ramones, The Violent Femmes, and more—though I'd have preferred that the Tommy Edwards

title tune, an exquisite 1958 pop classic, be put to better use than an overdub of one of those R-rated, private-parts-coy sex scenes that briefly brings the proceedings to a screeching halt.

These are both Movieland holdings, possibly available elsewhere.

-Michael Will

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EVENTS LISTING

GROOVE PLANET

Who's got the phunk?
A big, bouncing, glitter-glam ball conjures up the era of our reigning kings and queens of funk, soul and groove. The ultimate funkfest pays tribute to P-Funk (Bootsy Collins, George Clinton) and all the worthy funkateers of the '70s. **Slim Williams**, a 10-piece Montreal band got together especially for this event along with disc masters **Knat**, **Butcher-T**, **DJ Dr. Jamm**, and **DJ Lorrie** to recreate the ambiance of that era with old school hip-hop, and a twist of the new funk groove. It's a spaced out, multi-media extravaganza, the beginning of something good, and a chance for all you freaks to show your 'fro, break out the glow-cloak in the back of the closet, don your Donna Summer eye-shadow, and those rare-but-worthy, never get out of 'The Towering Inferno' alive platform shoes. It's the launch of a monthly event.

District Six has the phunk. They'll give it to you Friday, Dec. 16 at Metropolis, \$8. Doors open at 10 p.m. The mothership lands about 11 p.m. 288-2020.

BARF

Blasting All Rotten Fuckers, Oblivion, and front-band **Corrupted Reputation** send a live wire through the heart of the beautiful South Shore as part of a series of all-ages shows to promote the local scene. Longueuil will never be the same again.

Saturday, Dec. 17, 7 p.m. Showtime 8 p.m. sharp!

Le Théâtre de la Ville, 180 DeGentilly East, corner of Chemin Chambly (behind Cegep Edouard Monpetit)

Tickets on sale at L'Oblique & Le Théâtre de la Ville, \$7 & \$9 Call 670-1611 for more info.

Five-Star Reggae Showcase

The back-beat of rocksteady, Mr. **John Holt**, brings us a mirage from sun-stricken Jamaica (If I Were a Carpenter, Police in Helicopter, Happy Go Lucky Girl, and the Tide is High which was covered by Blondie in '81). Sixteen times at the top of the charts with The Paragons, 25 number one hits as a solo artist, Mr. Holt shares the stage with **Dawn Penn** whose song *You don't love me*, a.k.a. *No, No, No*, first released in 1967, at the legendary Studio One in Jamaica is, as we speak, being played in clubs, pubs, bars, and living-rooms all over Europe and N. America, and conscious, roots-rockers, **Beniah**, (vocal stylin's in the vein of rastafarians Black Uhuru and Culture) just back from a Japanese tour with Penn Beniah, Dawn Penn & John Holt **Saturday, Dec 17, 9 p.m. Rialto, 5723 Park Avenue 790-1245**

THE FLOOD OF THE BHANGRA BEAT

BY MANDIP PANESAR

Imagine the sound created by a man whipping the top of a barrel-like instrument, whose ends have been covered by a stretched piece of leather. This is a Dhol. Imagine the sound of a banjo-like instrument, played by flicking one's fingers on the strings. This is a tumbi. Imagine a man with a deep voice singing to a beat that makes you rhythmically wave your hands in the air and move your legs up and down. This, in its traditional sense, is Bhangra.

A common misconception is that Bhangra is a type of music. Wrong. Bhangra is infact a type of dance that is performed in Punjab (India and Pakistan). Mention the word Bhangra to an Indian or Pakistani and the word Punjab is automatically associated with it. However, over the years the media has redefined the word and it is now commonly assumed to be a type of music. Although this is "acceptable", true traditionalists like myself would have to disagree.

Decade of Bhangra

If the lyrics are in Punjabi and the beat makes you perform Bhangra, then you've discov-

ered what Bhangra music is all about. Traditionally, Bhangra music was created by employing a few instruments; namely the dhol, tabla, tumbi, and harmonium. During the early 1980's, there began a minute invasion of Bhangra music onto the international scene. This invasion was surprisingly not from Punjab but from England. Although people have disputed over who should be acknowledged for starting this invasion, many will have to agree that a group by the name of Alaap are one of the pioneers. This invasion was further intensified by the help of the exhilarating and unique beats of groups such as Apna Sangeet, Golden Star, Azaad, Chirag Pechan, Heera, and Premi, to mention just a few. These bands effectively modernized the roots of Bhangra. They created a new type of Bhangra music, one which combined traditional lyrics with modern and up beat music. The closing years of the last decade created another trend in which traditional music was remixed with English beats, techno, house, soul, essentially whatever music DJs could get their hands on. This trend, although

considered to be just a fashion that will fade out over time, remains at the forefront of the music industry. Due to technologies such as sampling, digital soundscapes, synthesizers, drum kits, etc...Bhangra has been further modified into what we hear today on the radios, dance floors, and parties. In order to keep up with the times, musicians are creatively mixing rap and reggae with traditional Bhangra, hence the term BhangraMuffin.

The International and Local Scene

The giants of the Bhangra music industry are in the U.K.. Labels such as BMG, Nachural Records, Roma Music Bank, and Oriental Star are the leaders who govern the international Bhangra scene. The competition is growing with more than four hundred Bhangra/Punjabi bands in England alone and hundreds more in countries like India, Canada, and the United States. Diversity is what Bhangra is all about today.

Montreal has had its share of the Bhangra scene. Bhangra has been heard at clubs and parties. In the last decade, more than a dozen concerts have taken place in Montreal, featuring traditional Bhangra bands such as Heera, Apna Sangeet, Premi, and Golden Star.

Over the last two and a half years, Montrealers into this unique type of music, have been tuning in to a show which I host by the name of Echoes of Punjab (CKUT 90.3 FM). The show encompasses a wide variety of music, both traditional and modern Bhangra, all in the great spirit to keep Punjabi culture alive!

The Author's Message

As a critic and devoted follower of Bhangra music, I can only predict that the music will continue to grow and span the continents. To all aspiring artists and musicians, keep the roots in mind because only in these can one find the meaning of BHANGRA.



Check out the window poet on the main, next to Schwartz's

UNFORGIVABLE

He beat her bad this time.

She screamed that night

like she never screamed before.

Her 98 lbs.

Him 175.

He turned both the hot & cold taps on full.

Outside on the shadowy verandah the parents would hear nothing going on upstairs; the rushing water drowning his wicked temper.

Both eyes blackened, a missing tooth dangling, only because her brother sent her with Orville Cadotte to get cigarettes in his new 57 Ford.

And the tears pissed down her swollen cheeks.

But she will cover for him. Her friends will believe that she walked into a car door that moonlit night.

-Glen LeMesurier

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